

NIGHTMARES



Christina Fivehouse

One

"No, Johnny! Don't go!" I said, frantically. He was already in the large field when I said that. He was going to be in the army. I didn't want him to go. I wanted him to stay with me. He couldn't leave me, his girlfriend, alone again. I loved Johnny so much.

Johnny didn't say a word to me. He only turned around and took a long look at me. A few men were yelling his name. He had to go. Tears streamed down my face. I could tell that he didn't want to go back to war, but he had to. It was his job. If I lost him, I wouldn't be able to forgive myself.

"Please don't go." I whispered. He turned back around and started to walk through the field. I decided to run after him. As I ran, I yelled his name while crying. He couldn't leave me again. 'Johnny, don't do this to me!' I thought. 'I love you!'

All of a sudden, I heard explosions. It happened nearby. Then, I heard gunshots and helicopters. I could also hear the sound of grenades exploding. Johnny took out his gun. He told me to leave. He said that some war broke out.

"Callie, I don't want anything to happen to you. Get away from this place!" Johnny told me. No, I wasn't going to leave him. All of a sudden, an explosion went off right here in the field. It happened right where Johnny and I were. My world had turned to darkness and I thought that I was dead...

I woke up and I can't see. I can't even move. I can't tell where I am, but I guess I'm in the hospital. Not only can't I see and move, I'm losing my hearing. Pretty soon, I won't be able to hear anything. But right now, I hear machines

beeping, nurses and doctors talking, and other things. Not too long ago, I heard a doctor say my name. He was talking about me. What he said about me was that I had no limbs, I'm blind, I'm immobile, and soon, I'll be def.

No longer can I speak. I wonder what the world looks like now. 'This can't be happening!' I thought. Why do I have to suffer like this? Maybe no one will know I'm alive, or will they?

Being in the condition I'm in now, I am cut off from the world, but still alive. I'm only a living conscious. Now, I can't tell what a dream is or what reality is. How can you tell?

'Oh god, please help me! Someone help me!' I thought. It was useless for me. No one can hear me because I'm talking to myself in my mind. And the only thing I see is darkness. This is a nightmare. Why didn't I die in that explosion than be alive cut off from the world without limbs?

Time. What time is it? Is it the morning, afternoon, evening, nighttime? What day is it and what month? How long have I been here? Have I been here for a few days or longer? I wish I knew the answers to all of those questions. I also wish I didn't lose all of my abilities. Why can't I just die instead of live?

That's when I lose my hearing. No longer can I hear the beeping machines I'm hooked to and people talking. My reclusive life just got worse than it was before. I try to scream inside, but the silence stops me. All I can do is be fed by the tube that sticks in me. All I feel is pain now. Pain is all that makes me real now.

Now how can I tell if I'm still alive or what's going on? I can't even move, but I think I can move my head. That's it. Maybe I can feel when someone touches me. All I do is hope that someone knows that I'm not dead-just one

person. The doctors better know that, after all, they never said I was dead.

I thought about the explosion. I wonder if Johnny is dead or not. If he is alive then, he must be in the same condition as me. I wish I could see his face one more time. 'Johnny,' I cry inside. I cannot finish that sentence. It's too much for me to handle.

I can't live like this.

After what feels like an hour later or more, I feel a touch. Someone is touching my face. Their hand feels so smooth. Who is it? Johnny? Is it Johnny who's touching my face? 'Johnny, if it's you, help me! Save me! Please know that I'm alive!'

Soon, I feel a something wet drop down on my cheek. I assume it's a tear. That's when I realize that the person may be someone that's in my family or maybe it's my boyfriend Johnny.

I move my head and shake it a little. Maybe that will help the person figure out that I'm not dead. Oh god, I hope it does. Only if I could speak or hear...

"She's going to be like that forever?" Johnny asked the doctor as he stared at Callie. It broke his heart to see her like this. He disturbed him to see his girlfriend without limbs and all of her abilities (like sight, being able to move, hearing, etc...) are gone. He had survived the explosion, but he lost an arm. Luckily, Johnny was giving a prosthetic arm. He was injured, but he'd live.

All he cared about was Callie.

"I'm afraid so. She's lucky if she can feel someone touch her. She can move her head though." The doctor said. "She survived the explosion and now, she's suffering from massive and irreparable damage."

"It's impossible for her to experience pain, pleasure, and she might not be able to remember what happened to her. She'll be as unthinking as the dead. I'm not even sure if Callie can think or dream of any kind." The doctor continued to say.

"I wish things were different for her. I want to tell her that I love her. She probably thinks I'm dead." Johnny replied.

'If anyone can hear me, end my misery. Kill me so I no longer have to go through this.' I thought. 'Somebody hear me! Kill me now!'

It's no use. No one will ever be able to hear me and I'll never see Johnny again. Now, my nightmare has really begun. I'm all alone, lying here, legless and armless and completely helpless.

I wish I could talk so I could keep myself company, I wish I had hands so I could kill myself, I want legs and feet so I can get away from this place. It'll never happen. Everyone will leave me here and I'll really be alone. I'll be surrounded by darkness forever. Why can't anyone hear me?

I wish I was dead now.

I'm just one.

Departure

Des Moines, Iowa-Jan. 29, 2007

It was cold and even though I was inside with my boyfriend Matt, I was still freaking cold. I was wearing a black sweater and jeans and I still didn't understand why I was cold. The both of us were on my foster parents' living room couch and we were just having fun. Matt began to kiss my neck. Usually, I smiled when he did, but not this time. I didn't smile and I wasn't happy either. Matt was though. Lately, I've found myself to be very depressed. Because of it, I've even cut myself on my arms and wrists. No one knows but me.

"What's wrong? You don't like it?" he asked me as he stopped kissing me. I only looked at him and pulled down the sleeves on my sweater. I couldn't let him see the cuts. No one can see them but me.

"I do like it Matt, but..." I trailed off with sadness in my voice. That kind of gave him a clue to why I wasn't happy. He soon became suspicious of the way I was acting. Maybe he was deeply concerned about me.

"October, what are you doing? Are hiding something from me that you don't want me to see?" Matt asked me. I shook my head and I pulled down my sleeves again. I hoped he didn't notice that.

"Then why are pulling down the sleeves of your sweater?" Again, he asked me. This time, he took a hold of one of my wrists and pulled the sleeve up. Matt saw the cuts on my wrists and arms. he saw a few scars. There were no bandages on my cuts. Then, he saw my other arm and wrist. When Matt touched one of my latest cuts on my arm, I winced. What I felt was pain. Matt's eyes were wide.

"Oh October, how could you?! Why are you cutting yourself?" Matt said, his voice filled with concern. We both looked at each other before tears started to flood my eyes. It was time that I told someone.

"Matt, I'm not happy. I'm...depressed. I should have told you before it got out of hand. I'm so sorry!" I cried. He wrapped his arms around me and I felt warm in his arms. I wished that he wouldn't let go of me. I wanted this moment to never end. All I did was cry into his chest. Matt smoothed my long black hair and he tried to comfort me the best he could.

I bet that he was wondering why I am so depressed. He probably doesn't want to be with me anymore because I hurt myself and I'm not happy. Maybe he'll leave me or whatever. No, he can't. I love him too much and I know he loves me. I don't want him to leave me. No longer do I want to be lonely...

"You're not going to leave me, are you?" I asked him.

Matt looked down at me and said,

"You're crazy. I would never leave you. I don't care if you're depressed and you hurt yourself. We'll try to work around it and I'll help you get through your depression and support you. You are in no condition to be alone. What if you kill yourself? I can't let you do that,"

"Don't worry, I won't commit suicide. I don't want to die." I said to Matt. I promised him that I won't ever kill myself. You know what? He believed me....

****One and a half months later****

During one and a half months, my boyfriend Matt has been doing nothing but helping me get through my depression and supporting me. Whenever I want to cut myself, he stops me from doing so. He won't let me near

any sharp objects like razors, broken glass, scissors, knives, etc. He made me promise him that I would never cut myself again, no matter what. I promised.

A few times when Matt wasn't around me, I would go raiding the bathroom for a razor. I found one in the medicine cabinet and I took the shaving razor apart and kept the razor. I would close the bathroom door and lock it. Then, I would cut myself. Sometimes, I'd cut my legs. After I felt pain from cutting, I watched the blood ooze out.

I broke one of two promises to Matt many times. It was my dirty little secret, but one day, he found out. He didn't hit me or yell at me. All he did was try harder. I could tell that it was becoming very intricate for my sixteen year old boyfriend Matt (I'm fifteen) to support me and help me. I told myself that it wasn't my fault. I couldn't control myself. I've let depression take over me and let it control me. No longer did I have any happy emotions or thoughts. They were all morbid. Some thoughts of mine were about suicide.

One day, Matt stopped supporting me and just left me. He told me that he wasn't breaking up with me or anything like it, but he was leaving me because he couldn't take it anymore. He said that he tried so hard to help me, but he couldn't do it anymore. Matt told me to stay away from him until I wasn't depressed anymore and I stopped hurting myself and stopped talking about trying to attempt suicide. He's tired of dealing with my problems.

When he told me all that, I was standing on his front porch (his parents weren't home then) and he was standing inside by the front door that was opened. I just couldn't believe that he was giving up on me like that. He wanted me to work out my own problems and I had no one to go to. My abusive foster parents wouldn't do anything so I was out

of luck.

"You're on your own." Matt stated to me. "Go home and stay away from me until you aren't depressed anymore. I mean it."

"Please Matt, don't do this to me! I love you!" I cried.

"I'm sorry, but I can't keep doing this. Work out your own problems." Matt replied.

"But I'm all alone. I have no one to talk to! Everyone in the world hates me! Please, I need you!" I pleaded as tears flowed down my face like crazy. Matt didn't care. He slammed the door in the face.

Instead of walking away, I punched the door and cried his name. He didn't answer. He only looked out the window and watched me. I fell against the door and cried. By that time, he pulled the blinds down. How could he do this to me?

****A few days later****

My heart was broken. Everyday I cried. I skipped school for the past few days. All I did everyday was cry into my pillows on my bed and stayed in my room. I refused to come out no matter what. There was no need for me to be with the world so I became reclusive and more depressed than I already was. I continued to cut myself more and more each day. Some of the cuts were deep; others weren't. To be honest, I was proud with what I did to myself.

One day I became so morbid that I thought about suicide. I always wondered what it would be like. Yes, suicide would be perfect for me. If I was dead, then the world would be happier. Yes, the world would be better off without me.

I attempted to kill myself several times. The first time, I

thumb tacked one of my stud belts to the ceiling near the edge of my bed. I made a noose in the belt and everything. I also made sure it was tight enough to kill me. After everything was set up, I stood on my bed and I put the noose (belt) around my neck. I hesitated for a few seconds, but then I did. I jumped off the bed and I just hung there. The belt was nice and tight around my neck. Suddenly, I the thumb tack fell out of the belt and ceiling and I dropped to the floor with a loud thud with the belt around my neck. I blacked out and then I woke up in the hospital.

The second time, I thought about cutting the veins on my arm. I took scissors and began to cut my wrists. I was able to cut myself, feel pain, and have blood gush out, but no matter what, my veins wouldn't cut. Not one vein was cut. Cutting is what I still did. I slit my wrists and kept doing it until I thought it was enough. That was the second time I tried to commit suicide.

There was one more time, I tried to kill myself. I was going to jump off the roof. When my foster parents were home one night, I called Matt on the phone.

"Hello?" He answered his phone.

"It's me October." I said.

"Are you still depressed or what?" he asked. "You haven't been in school for a while."

"I'm still depressed. You know what I've been doing?" I replied.

"What have you been doing? Cutting yourself? Please tell me, amuse me." Matt guessed.

"Yes, but I've tried to kill myself." I replied with a smile. I heard Matt sigh from the other side on the line.

"Why are you doing this? You promised me." Matt exclaimed.

"Yes, but you left me and I have no one to lend out a hand and save me from myself. You know how hard that is?"

Of course you don't, Matt. Everyone, including you, has distanced themselves from the pain that covers me. I reach out for you but there's nothing left for me. How could you just leave me?! I loved you and I need you." I explained myself.

"Stop it. Just stop, please. Don't do this, October." Matt pleaded with me. I laughed.

"It's fun. And by the way, I was going to jump off the roof, but then I didn't like the idea, so I decided to just go drown myself in the tub. And if you love me and you still want me to be alive, then I suggest you call 911 and get your butt over here and save me." I said.

"October, sweetie, no. Don't do this! Please!" he begged. He sounded like he was going to cry. I pitied him for that moment. Nothing he said was going to stop me. It was official-I'm going to drown myself in the tub.

"I'm walking up the stairs." I taunted Matt as I walked up the stairs. I entered the bathroom and turned on the water.

"Oh no, I'm in the bathroom and the tub is starting to fill up with water."

Matt hung up the phone and I guess he was going to call 911 as quick as possible and then he would rush over to my house and in the bathroom upstairs. By then, he may be a little late. Oh well. I was going to do it anyway.

Once the tub was filled with water, I didn't turn off the faucet. I was going to let the tub over flow with lots of water. Next, I went in the medicine cabinet and took out a bottle of sleeping pills. I twisted the top off and poured about seven pills onto my hand. I threw the rest that was in the bottle away. Then, I took the pills and swallowed them all at once.

What did I do next? Well, I stepped in the tub and I almost lied down in the bathroom. Suddenly, I hear

someone busting in the house from downstairs. I know it's Matt.

"October!" he shouted. I heard him running up the stairs as I went further into the water. By then, the tub was overflowing and Matt just ran into the bathroom and turned the faucet off. I was completely under the water when Matt came. That's when I began to feel woozy and tired (I felt weak). It was becoming harder for me to breathe, especially underwater and my eyes began to close shut. All I saw was Matt staring at me in utter horror. He was scared.

Matt instantly yanked me out of the water and pulled me out of the tub. He knelt down and cradled me in his arms. I gasped for breath and coughed. Even though he got me out of the water, he didn't know I took pills. He discovered the fact that I swallowed more than a few pills. He probably thought that he could save me.

I saw tears streaming down his face.

"Don't you leave me October Fehn. I'm sorry." he cried. Soon enough when the ambulance came, I closed my eyes, my body felt relaxed and I awaited my departure from the world-forever. I was finally dead....

"Please wake up,"

Many hours later, I woke up. I wasn't dead, but it was a close call. When I woke up, I heard beeping noises. That's when I realized I'm in the hospital. I became mad at myself for not dying because I didn't want to live anymore. But part of me was glad I was still alive.

I had an IV sticking in my arm and a tube up my nose. Something was on one of my fingers, and I'm able to breathe again. When I looked around, I saw that I'm hooked to lots of machines. Then, I heard the doctor speaking to

someone. It was my foster mother Mrs. Beaulieu. Right when I heard her voice, I knew she seemed scared.

Matt was there in my hospital room with me. He hovered over me and when he noticed I was awake and alive, he cried tears of joy. He wrapped his arms around me. I hugged him back. I cried too, but for a different reason.

"I'm so happy you're alive!" he wept.

"Me too." I added.

He let go of me and stared at me for a minute before saying to me,

"Don't you ever do that again! You scared the hell out of me!"

He sounded like he was scolding me, but that didn't matter. All that mattered was that he was here with me. This was one of the moments where I was in need and I needed him. Nothing else matters.

"I won't ever do it again. I promise for real this time that I won't ever try to do suicide. Not only did I scare you but I scared me as well." I replied in a soft and sweet voice.

Home Alone

She jumped out of her seat as she became scared and startled from watching a horror/thriller movie that night. It was about 11:23 pm and she was home alone. Her parents went out to dinner and afterwards, they would go see a movie. The movie Amy was watching was about this girl who was home alone and then this stranger is in the house with her, he calls her and threatens her. The girl doesn't know that his in the house with her and eventually, he kills her. This movie kept her at the edge of her seat.

When the movie was over, she grew bored and tired. It was almost midnight. 'Maybe I should go to bed.' She thought. No, she didn't want to sleep yet. Even though she was tired, she wanted to stay up as late as she possibly could.

Suddenly, the phone rings. Amy goes over to the end table and picks up the phone. She looks at the caller ID. It says UNKNOWN NAME, UNKNOWN NUMBER. Thinking it was a prank call, she answered the phone.

"Hello?" she said.

Breathing. All she heard was breathing on the other line. Who was it? Maybe it was one of her friends pulling a prank on her. They did do that sometimes. They loved to mess around with Amy. She really never minded because she sometimes thought it was funny.

"Is anyone there?" she asked.

No answer. Amy hung up the phone and before she could sit down on the couch, the phone rang again. She sighed and answered the phone.

"Hello? Who is this?" she answered. This time, someone answered. It was a man.

"I'm on your street corner." He said and then hung up. Amy took a deep swallow. The man was standing on her street corner and he probably knew where she lived. Who was he?

Amy placed the phone down on the coffee table and hurried over to the door. She locked it and locked the windows. She had to make sure no one could get inside this house. Although everything was secure in the house, she still didn't feel safe. She had a feeling that something bad was going to happen.

A minute later, the phone rang. Amy seized. It was probably him again. With caution, she answered the phone. She was already freaked out.

"I'm outside your house." The man said. Amy froze in here tracks. He was outside her house, on her front porch. Fear rose up inside of her. She didn't bother to hang up the cordless phone she was holding in her hand. Instead, she ran up the stairs with the phone.

She ran into her room and locked the door. Her heart pounded in her chest. That's when she started to cry. She was terrified. What she didn't know was that the man who was calling her was a lunatic and a killer that broke out of prison. He wanted her blood over him and he wanted to kill her over and over until it satisfied him.

"What do you want?" Amy cried into the phone, hoping the man would answer her. The man laughed and then replied to her,

"I'm in you kitchen now...."

"Just go away. Leave me alone!" Amy cried.

"No." He stated.

"What do you want?" She asked him.

"To kill you over and over." He said. "I'm in your living

room.”

Soon, Amy hung up on him and called the cops. She told them that his man has broken in her house and she’s all alone. She told the police officer that this man wants to kill her. He’s been stalking her and now he has threatened her. The police officer told her to get out of the house if she could and to stay calm. He was sending someone down to her house. Amy gave him her address, and then she hung up.

Ring! The phone rang again. Amy’s eyes widened with trepidation. She was too frightened to do anything. Without thinking, she quickly answered the phone.

“What you want?!” she screamed into the phone.

“I’m walking up the stairs.” The man laughed.

Amy could hear the steps creek and soon, she heard the floorboards creek. He was in the hallway now!

“I’m outside your bedroom...” he said.

“No!” Amy yelled with fear as she threw the phone at the wall and tried to hide. There was no where to hide. She was trapped. Suddenly, the bedroom door is kicked open and the man enters. He’s holding a large, sharp knife. Amy sees him and starts to cry and scream.

“Get away from me!” She screamed. “No!”

The man ignored her and threw her on top of her bed. He raised the knife at her and then stabbed her seven times, just to make sure she was dead. He seemed to enjoy killing fifth teen year old Amy. When he pulled the knife out of her stomach, blood was on it.

“So pretty.” He whispered to Amy’s dead body before stabbing her in the throat.

Amy’s parents were horrified to find their daughter stabbed to death on her bed. The man who did this to her

was never caught and he murdered five other girls the same way. Eventually, after the fifth murder, he was caught and sentenced to life in prison.

DeadNBloody

****Note: The IM conversation at the beginning is that way for a reason so therefore, everything there is spelled that way.***

DeadNBloody: Why hello there.

bbEachBayBi xo: Hey?

DeadNBloody: Well how are you my dear?

bbEachBayBi xo: Im good, but I got 1 question...who is this?

DeadNBloody: Funny you should ask that, for I am your worst nightmare. I'm all that you fear, all that you never want to happen, and I've chosen you, Lauren as my next.

bbEachBayBi xo: omg!! how did u knw my name?? lol this is prolly just a joke do i know u from school?

DeadNBloody: No, you don't know me. But, i've stalked you, watched you every waking moment for the past week. I know all that you've done, and all that you can never do.

bbEachBayBi xo: alright. i wanna know who this is rite now its not funny no more

DeadNBloody: Who ever said this would be for laughs? Not I. This is all real, not a joke. I'd just watch my back if I were you.

bbEachBayBi xo kayyy u tell me rite now who u r. im gettin really scared

DeadNBLOODY: Who I am? Oh, my dear dear Lauren. I'm not important. I must go know, but If I were you, I'd stay locked away safe in your room. Even have a weapon near by if that makes you feel better. Not as if that will help you. I know your home alone, that you're in your room right now, watching the computer screen with worry. Your little dog is by your side too, but he won't help you if anything say, deadly was about to kill you.

bbEachBayBi xo: omg how do u knw all this, are u watchin me? plz i jst wanna knw who u r! i nvr did nothing wrong jst plz tel me!

DeadNBLOODY: You'll figure out who I am soon enough, my dear. Good-bye.

DeadNBLOODY has signed off.

"It's just a prank." Lauren told herself later on. "Probably just one of my friends trying to scare me." She had tried several times to calm herself down about her IM conversation. It scared her but she used to have pranks played on her by her friends lots of times so she finally thought that one of her friends were playing a prank on her. This could be a prank, she hoped. It had taken her half an hour to get over it and to not think about it.

Her parents were at a party, she couldn't go because she had to study. She'd been in deep trouble if she didn't ace this test. Her dog was sound asleep on her dead. She heard rapping at her window. Her blinds where shut; it was 10:30 pm. Maybe it was a bird, she thought. What else could have it been? She was on the second story in her house.

Tap, tap. There was now tapping at her window. SMACK!

She heard what sounded like something hard smacking against the window. Curiously, she pulled the blinds up and saw that nothing was there. She looked through the glass window, staring outside. All she saw was darkness and-
SMASH!

"Oh my god!" Lauren shrieked, staggering away from the window. Her chest began to go up and down. She was scared senseless. It was only a bird that smashed into the window. The glass wasn't broken though. She felt a little better, knowing that it was only a bird. She was perfectly safe in her own house....

She walked downstairs to get some water drink. That's when she noticed that the basement door was open and the light was on. Maybe her sister was home early from her slumber party or her parents were home so soon.

"Jamie? Mom? Dad?" She called out. No answer. Weird, she thought.

She decided to go down to the basement to find that no one was there. She was home alone and no one was there but her and her dog. She decided to stop studying and to go to sleep. She was tired from all that studying.

Lauren went back into her room and pet her dog on top of its head. Before she went to sit back down at her desk, she noticed that the light in her closet was on. She became confused and a little nervous and scared because she never turned that light now. What was going on?

Slowly, she walked over to the closet and opened the closet door real fast. All of a sudden, something fell out of her closet and it made a squeaky noise. It was a red clown nose that she had worn on Halloween once. She felt relieved.

"Thank god." she whispered.

Lauren sat on her bed and something with long sharp claws quickly grasped her ankle. Whatever touched her, it

felt cold. She screamed and as she fell to the floor, it let go of her and ran out into the hallway. It was too fast for her to see. Horrified, she quickly shut the door and tried to find her cell phone so she could call the cops. But of course, it was dead. She forgot to charge her phone.

"No!" she screamed, slamming the phone on the floor. Tears swelled up in her eyes. She didn't know what to do.

Suddenly, there was a rattling noise coming from her closet. She turned to see what it was. A vicious looking clown had an evil smirk upon its face was standing in her closet. This was one kind of clown that people should fear.

"Ah!" She screamed at the top of her lungs. She ran away, but she could only get a few inches before the clown started to eat her alive. This clown was a cannibal.

The clown used its sharp teeth and tore through Lauren's skin on her stomach, eating the skin that he tore off her. Then, he slashed her open with his sharp claws and leaned over her, eating her insides quickly. He pulled her bloody guts out and once he was done with that, he started on her other organs that were in her body. Lauren had screamed for help, but it was useless. She was being eaten alive. Before, she tried fighting him, but she lost the battle.

All that was left of Lauren was a few bones and blood. Later, police found out that a man that had been locked away in jail for cannibalism had escaped. Everyone feared, because he wasn't found ever again.

**If a man who has the screen name DeadNBloody IMS you, don't answer it and stay in a place with lots of people.*

Die My Bride

"...and Ben, do you take Claire as your wife?" the minister at the church asked Ben. Today, he and his fiancée Claire were getting married. Claire was happier about it than Ben. Ben had second thoughts about it this morning. He wore a black tuxedo that he rented and his hair was long and black. It was in a weird hair style that he invented by himself. He was wearing makeup (he was a drag queen). Claire looked beautiful in her white wedding dress. It was one of those strapless ones. Her hair was long and black and in a bun today. Her veil covered her face and her lips were a dark purple (from the lipstick).

How did this couple meet? Well, they met three years ago in the mall. Claire had been busy carrying all of these bags and worrying about getting home on time that she accidentally bumped into a man and the man happened to be Ben. He helped her with her bags and they left, Ben helping her to her car and putting her things away in her trunk. She thanked her and Ben thought she was attractive so he asked her out and it went on from their.

Nothing bad would be able to stop this wedding...

Ben smiled at what the minister said to him. Claire had already said, "I do.", and now, it was his turn. Of course he was going to say "I do" but not because he wanted to marry her. It was for another reason.

"I do." He stated.

"You may kiss the bride."

"I do, I do, I do want to kill you. 'Till death do us part, I'll tears us apart." Ben sneered. He then lifted up Claire's veil and kissed her cold lips that he called "cold dead lips". Claire pushed herself away from Ben. She couldn't believe what she heard. He wanted to kill her! That's the only reason why he wanted to marry her. Now why did he want

to kill her? It was really obvious to him. He has done this before and has never got caught. He does it carefully but will he this time? So now, they're married. She backed away from him, horror on her face. Ben laughed at how his bride's face contorted with fear.

He was still going to kill her and he loved her. It's his way of showing her how much he loves her.

"Come back here." He said as Claire ran away from him. Now, he was not the man she thought he was.

Ben went after her. He took out a large butcher knife. It wouldn't be so hard to find her. This church wasn't so big. It was rather small. Perfect to Ben. He noticed an open door and a smile planted across his face. Claire was in there. How stupid was she to keep a door closed. Pretty stupid, Ben thought.

"Claire, oh Claire, where are you?" he called out. No answer. He was sure that she was in here. She had to be in here. He called out her name thrice and still no answer. It made Ben mad.

"Where are you?!" he yelled. "Come on..." Suddenly, he heard weeping and that was his advantage to finding his bride. When he finds her, he wasn't going to kill her just like that; he was going to wait a while. He told her that he wasn't going to kill her. He said that he was only playing around with her (he lied about that).

Two minutes later, she came out, her mascara and eyeliner smeared on her face from the crying she did. She thought that Ben really meant it. He had disposed the butcher knife. He reassured her that everything was alright. He gave her a loving hug and kissed her.

When it was time to cut the cake, all he thought about was, 'I'd rather cut you than the wedding cake. Your bloody guts on my rented tux. I'll smear the cake right in your face.' He helped Claire cut the cake and on purpose,

he cut her arm. Blood gushed out of the big gash on her arm. She nearly screamed.

"Aw, don't worry, it'll be over soon. I loved you to death." Ben said. Claire didn't know what he meant. It wasn't new. Ben took the knife that he cut her with and slashed her with it (he slashed her right where her breasts were). Claire screamed. Dark red blood gushed out of the wound and it went on her wonderful, white wedding dress. The knife was covered in blood. She couldn't believe that he would do this to her. Now, she was afraid of him.

"Stay away from me." Claire cried. She didn't know what to do and no one was here because they decided on having a private wedding. The minister had already left.

Ben laughed deviously and grabbed her before she could get away from him. That wasn't going to happen again. Claire fought to get out his grip but she couldn't.

"All you ever meant to me was absolutely nothing." Ben stated, looking her straight in the eye. He took out two rings. He put one on his finger and the other on Claire's finger. Now, they were really married to each other.

"With this ring I now thee wed. Die my bride." Ben said. Claire kept on screaming and that only angered him. Ben took the knife, raised it, and stabbed Claire in the stomach with the knife seven times. He let her drop her to the ground and watched as the blood pumped out and watched her die. This was actually what he wanted to do.

"Die, die, die my bride." Ben whispered.

Déjà vu

Wendy Christenson took out her camera. It was one of those silver digital cameras. She called out,

"Ashley!" Ashley looked toward her Wendy and her camera and smiled. She and Ashlyn were holding a huge blowup palm tree. Ashley had long blond hair and a blue outfit on and was beautiful. Ashlyn had long brown hair and her tongue was pierced. She had on a pink outfit. Ashlyn was gorgeous. All they cared about was their boyfriends and how their hair looks.

Click! Wendy takes Ashley and Ashlyn's picture. What a great way to remember the end of your senior year in high school. That's why Wendy was taking pictures tonight and plus for the yearbook. Soon, she walks over to Lewis Romero, an African-American who only cares about the fancy things in life and he wants money and everything almost like it. Lewis is holding a mallet. He raises it and then, SMACK! Lewis slams the mallet on the red and white target, and then the weight goes flying up the meter, sending the weight to fly off the meter, and hit the ground. Click. Wendy takes the picture. Lewis high-fives a man and says,

"Give some my man, do I know you? No."

Wendy turns around and sees a 16 yr. old girl with her friend. It's Wendy's younger sister Julie with her friend Perry.

"You're not supposed to be here." Wendy explains to Julie. Julie puts her left hand on her hip.

"You're dead if you tell Mom." she scoffed. Wendy lifted her camera up and Julie stuck the finger up. Wendy took the picture.

"Hey," Wendy's boyfriend Jason said as he went over to her. Wendy smiled and they kissed. Jason looked cute tonight. He put his arm around Wendy's waste and they walked over to the food court. They sat down at a table were Carrie (Wendy's best friend) and Kevin Fisher (Carrie's boyfriend) were sitting. The four of them talked for awhile.

When Wendy took out her camera again, Kevin snatched it and accidentally took a picture of a guy named Frankie Cheeks. He was bald, with a brown hat on, a brown jacket on, a pink shirt on, and brown pants. He graduated from McKinley High School two years ago, so why is he here? He loves woman and he video tapes them.

"Kevin!" exclaims Wendy, taking her camera away and takes a photo of Kevin's face, right in his face. Kevin flinches from the light.

"Oh god." he says.

"Order 10!" a man who works at the food court shouted.

"That's our order, be back." Jason stated as he and Kevin went to get the food. Carrie leans over the table to tell Wendy something, a secret.

"Kevin isn't that bad." Wendy says.

"I know, but I'm breaking up with him, after graduation. I've been wanting to for a while." Carrie said. "Please don't tell him."

A couple minutes later, Jason, Wendy, Carrie, and Kevin stand by Devil's Flight. Devil's Flight is a roller coaster that is 189 feet tall. By the entrance, a giant red demon statue stood before it. It had white sharp horns and teeth, and its claws were sharp and black. It made the ride look intimidating.

"This is the end. There's no turning back once you enter." the demon statue said with a devilish laugh. If you

heard that laugh, it would make you hair curl so much that you'd be scared of everything like it.

Wendy stared at it, not sure if she wanted to go on the rollercoaster. Jason told her it's alright.

"Listen I know you. You're scared, it's normal. But, the real fear about these rides is that you have no control. People just imagine things when they're scared." Maybe Jason was right.

Again, the four were together as they stood in line for the ride as they entered the inside where they had to wait. The waiting area was big. The walls were tan with bones carved in it; the floor was hard and red. Artificial fire were in cages, white cages were hanging from the ceiling and then just up to the floor, and the cages had skeletons in them. The place looked horrendous, more than that. Even a fake decapitated hand that was bloody was hanging from the ceiling.

"Carrie, you and Wendy sit together in back." Kevin suggested. Carrie said no and Wendy said if she sits in the front, she'll freak out.

"Nothing will happen. The odds of dying on a rollercoaster are rare. You're more likely to die in your car getting here than on a rollercoaster." Ian McKinley spoke. He had short black hair that was spiky, black nail polish on, and had on gothic clothes. He was smart. His girlfriend Erin looked the same as him, but she had long red hair. She kind of looks up to Ian.

"That's safer than an airplane." She said.

Carrie and Jason sat up front and Ashley and Ashlyn sat behind them in the next coaster car. Frankie sat in the next car; Lewis was seated behind him, and Ian and Erin sat in the third to last car. Then, some kids sat in following car, and Wendy and Kevin sat in the back. Before the ride

started, Kevin found gum under his seat. And of course, Frankie was video taping Ashley and Ashlyn.

"You two are smoking hot." He smiled.

Kevin put his hand under the seat and now gun is sticking to his hand. The man who controls the ride pressed the big green button. The ride started. The rollercoaster went up the tracks.

Up, up, up. The rollercoaster went up the tracks.

Up, up. Everyone was excited, even Wendy. She wasn't that nervous and scared anymore. Jason was right. When the rollercoaster went up to the very top, it stopped. Why did it stop? Suddenly, there was a creaking noise coming from the tracks the cars were under and then a crack noise. A moment later, the cars dove down the tracks at a dreadfully rapid speed. Thinking this was part of the ride, everyone screamed in joy.

The rollercoaster cars swerved on the tracks, as it went through loops, bouncing up and down as it went up a crest and back down. As it went through another loop, it went faster than it should, and Frankie video taped Ashley and Ashlyn upside down, thinking he would be able to see under their shirts. Disgusted, Ashlyn puts her arm behind her and smacks the camera out of Frankie's hand. That results in, making the video camera go flying onto the next set of tracks and the strap wrapped around it. The coaster went directly on that track, crushing the camera and all of Frankie's recordings of taping women on it. That's when something horribly wrong, the cars begin to shake and bounce. Everyone's freaked out. No, it wasn't the camera. It was the tracks. They were broken!

All of a sudden, the first car breaks off, the two harnesses fly off, sending Carrie out of her seat and then back down. Jason holds onto the seat and Carrie. Carrie falls out screaming and then Jason falls out to. Ashley and

Ashlyn scream and their car breaks off the others and shakes violently. They hold onto their harnesses and after that, the car came to a halt, and tipped over the edge, sending both girls screaming and falling SPLAT to the ground. What a long way down.

Frankie gasps, wishing he was never on this ride. The side of his coaster car crevices. As soon as the car goes up a crest, he is lifted out of his seat, and he never returns into his seat. That's it for him. Lewis grips onto anything he can find. He'll do anything to survive. Abruptly, he flies out of his seat and holds onto the harness as he dangles. The rollercoaster goes through a strange loop and that sends him flying. Kevin grabs him and holds him by the arms. Wendy holds onto Kevin (she has her harness on, but not Kevin). Kevin loses his grip and Lewis goes flying, being impaled by the broken track behind them.

"Uh no! God no!" Wendy screams. She continues to hold onto Kevin. They look at each other scared. This is one living nightmare. The rollercoaster goes through a loop and stops there, so they're upside down. The kids in front of them are gone. Wendy hyperventilates and cries,

"H-help! Kev-Kevin!" Ian is hanging out his car, gripping onto the brown harness. Erin is doing the same. Ian can't hold on anymore, and falls hard, into the GROUND! Erin cries. She breathes too hard.

"Erin, hold on!" Kevin shouts to Erin.

"I can't!" Erin exclaims, her fingers losing grip and falls as she's screeching. Wendy cries.

"Help me rock the car." Kevin states. Wendy agrees.

Creek. There's a metallic screech Together, Kevin and Wendy rock the cars. Together, Kevin and Wendy rock the cars. The wheels turn and go around in circles.

"Come one," Kevin encouraged Wendy. There was no time to cry and not do anything. Their lives were at stake,

they could die now. She must help Kevin save their lives or they would be killed tonight.

Wendy helps Kevin to try to rock the rollercoaster cars so they're not upside down anymore. Two more rocks and the cars move again, going through the entire loop. And then, the red metal wheels slip off, making another metallic screech. The cars begin to shake.

"No! Ahh!" cries Wendy. All of a sudden, the cars shake again and bounce as they go really fast on the tracks. Kevin holds onto Wendy and Wendy grabs onto his arms.

"Help me!" Wendy shouts, sounding like it's the end of the world. For Kevin and Wendy, it is. Kevin flies out of his seat halfway and when they go through another loop, he is cut in half. So in the seat next to Wendy is the waste down of Kevin and his bloody guts. Blood had sprayed onto her face. As the rollercoaster went faster than ever, the cars came to a halt and tipped over, over the tracks. Wendy's car was last to do that. She screamed as her car hit the broken track it stopped at and tipped over the edge and out she came. She hyperventilated and quiets down as she falls down onto the bottom track. She begins to feel herself fall fast and then, CRUSH!

Wendy feels strange. She feels like something's going to happen again, but she's not sure what is going to happen. She's standing in line, waiting to go on the roller coaster. Why does she feel that this already happened? Maybe it's because she probably had déjà vu. To Wendy, it felt strange and creepy.

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"Listen I know you. You're scared, it's normal. But, the real fear about these rides is that you have no control. People just imagine things when they're scared." Maybe Jason was right. Wendy felt strange again. It happened again-she had déjà vu, again. Some how, the same events about her and everyone else being killed on the roller coaster was coming back and again so that Wendy could go through the horror over and over.

Jason noticed that Wendy was shaking and she was startled.

"What's wrong?" he asked her. Wendy wanted to tell him that it was déjà vu, but she just told Jason that it was nothing to worry about and that she was just being paranoid about going on the roller coaster.

**This story is about being condemned to do the same thing over and over again.*

No Pity on the Prisoner

"Don't kill me! No!" Those were the sounds that echoed throughout the chamber. I'm guessing that it was Billy who was just recently killed because it sounded like him. That's what now? The fifth kill today? Earlier, four other people had been killed. I didn't know who they were but I could tell that they were terrified. You what had creep me out before about those four people being killed? What was so creepy about it to me was that right after they screamed to not be killed or for help, they were killed just like that. It happened too fast and before I knew it, there was silence. The only thing I heard was my fast beating heart. To tell you the truth, it made me scared a little. After someone gets slaughtered or whatever, I think that I'm going to be next, but I have never been. I'm the lucky one who only has brief contact with Mick. Sometimes, he'll storm over to my cell and then he'll stare at me with those frightening and blazing eyes. I just stare at him back while cowering in corner, wishing that Mick will just go away. He'll laugh once in a while at me and that evil laugh makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

It has become cold in my cell and I don't have the proper clothes on to protect myself from the coldness. I'm wearing a short skirt and a white tang top (and yes, I'm a girl. I'm seventeen years old and my name is Laura). The skirt and the tang top are dirty and torn quite a bit. I've been wearing the same clothes for about two months now. Mick doesn't allow his prisoners to change their clothes and look clean and what not. I rub my hands together to try to stay warm. It doesn't help and if Mick catches me trying to stay warm, he'll have me in the scalding water again. I do not want to go back into the scalding water in the shower.

Yes, it happened to me before. I remember it happened two weeks ago. I was freezing cold and I could see my own breath. To stay warm, I took the covers off my bed and wrapped it around me. Mick happened to catch me in that act and he dragged me into the shower room. He turned on the shower and scalding water came out. He then pushed me into the water and kept me there for twenty minutes. I remember feeling the intense heat and when I tried to get out, Mick would put a hand on the back of my neck and push me back in the water.

Suddenly, I hear footsteps. I could tell that the person was wearing boots. Then, I heard the terrible sound of metal being clawed against the wall (it sounded like the screeching sound of nails on a chalkboard). It was Mick. He was coming for me! I hurry back into my corner. Soon, the footsteps stop and a big, strong (very muscular), black figure stands outside my cell. He's holding a machete that has a little bit of blood on it. Here is Mick. He is about 6'7" , he always wears black, and he has long black hair. Slowly, I stare up at him. I began to shake. Mick opens the clear door to my cell.

"Come out bitch." he ordered. He had a deep voice and sometimes, it made me shake. In a second, I'm on my feet and I walk out of my cell. Mick takes out a chain and tied my hands with it. It was tied tightly around my hands. Mick grabbed on to the other end and he walked away with me being tugged along with him. He led me through the chamber. When I tried to stay still and not be dragged by him, it was useless. Mick was holding onto the chain that he tied my hands together, so he could just drag me along with him. I literally felt like I was being pulled like a rag doll or something like that. All I could think about was where he was taking me. I begged it wasn't the torture or the slaughter room. Please, not any of those two rooms. I

didn't want to suffer or die.

"Where are you taking me?" I asked. "I need to know."

"No you don't." Mick bellowed.

I stopped moving and tried to stand still, but I was tugged violently forward to the point that I fell down on the stone ground and Mick didn't even bother to stop and let me back up, he just dragged me. I screamed, but he ignored me. I screamed, but he ignored me.

"Let me up! Stop!" I screamed. No use. Not once did he stop.

"Let me go!" I screamed once again. "No!"

Mick suddenly stopped in his tracks. He turned around and yanked me up by the hair with one strong hand. I cried when I looked at him because he had a menacing look on his face. He slapped my face hard when I looked away from him. I cried more and he punched me so hard in the stomach that I felt like bending over in pain. Before I could, Mick continued to walk and dragged me along with him. All I did was cry in pain. That's when I started to scream for help.

"Help me! Let me go!" I screamed, tears flowed down my face. Mick laughed at me. He had no remorse or pity towards me or anyone. He's a sadistic killer.

"No one will ever help you. And no one will ever know what happened to you after I'm through with you." He stated. What does he mean by after he's through with me?

"What do you mean?" I nearly cried as I asked. Mick only laughed at me. He had no remorse or pity towards me or anyone. He never did. I guess it's in his nature. Mick was a very violent man who had a love for killing and torturing people. From being his prisoner for the past two months, I sort of know these things about him, but that is all I know about him. The thing I always think about is, Why doesn't he torture or kill me? I'm guessing that I'll never know. I

bet that if I ask him, he'll just laugh at me.

We ended up leaving the chamber and he led me outside and into the woods. He didn't leave me there, he actually stayed there with me, leading me farther in the woods. By that time, I had stopped pleading for help and screaming while hoping someone would hear me. If anyone did then, Mick would have cleaned up the entire mess by killing me.

We were deep in the woods now. It was almost dark there, but I was able to see. The trees looked old and its leaves were starting to fall off. Yes, I remember now that it was towards the end of fall and it would be time for winter soon. I'm not even ready for the winter, but I know someone who is. He's ready for almost about everything.

All of a sudden, Mick takes out his machete and raises it above me as if he's going to slash me with it. He really is going to do it. He's finally going to kill me! Why was he going to do it? I thought I had been the lucky one and I would stay like that. I was wrong.

"I can't let anyone find out. They're onto me." Mick stated. I stared up at him. I finally had the courage to ask, "Who is?"

As I ran as fast as my body allowed me to, I could hear Mick shouting things at me. He said to me, "Get back here!" I could hear the sound of branching being snapped in half and broken by him with his machete. He's violent with a machete.

When I looked behind me and saw that Mick wasn't behind me or anywhere around where I was, I stopped running. I needed to take a break. My heart was rapidly beating (I could feel it pounding hard in my chest) and I was out of breath. I couldn't run anymore. My legs were weak and tired, my feet and legs feel like they can no longer support me. I'm surprised that I didn't fall to the ground.

Instead of running, I walked. That's when I heard footsteps. They weren't mine so I knew who's they were. I soon forced myself to run again. I pushed myself even harder to run really fast even though I couldn't. My feet were in pain from me stepping on sticks and rocks that were lying on the ground. There was no way I would stop, he was coming for me and I wouldn't let him catch me.

All of a sudden, I tripped over a large stick on the ground and I fell head first. My face struck the ground first and I blacked out. Before I lost consciousness, I felt Mick turn me over and I saw him lift me up, his breathing is what I heard before everything went dark for me...

I believed the fact that I was dead. I wasn't dead though, I was alive still. I opened my eyes to find me lying on the cold, stone floor back in Mick's chamber. Soon, I discovered why I was cold as ice cold water was thrown on to me. I shrieked from the coldness I felt and sat up. Mick was in the room with me. I looked up at him. He was sitting down in a chair. His blazing green eyes stared me down again. I looked away.

"You brought me back here?" I asked him, looking back at him.

"Yes I did." Mick answered quickly.

"Why?" I asked him. "Why didn't you kill me like you were going to?"

"Not yet. It's not time for that." He said. Still, he felt no remorse or pity towards me. He was a cold man who didn't care about others. Well, he is a sadistic killer anyway. I always thought that killers were cold like that. Mick was one of them.

Mick stood up from the chair and yanked me up. Then, he dragged me back to my cell and locked the door. He told me that I had to stay in here until he was ready for me. I knew what he meant by that. He was going to kill me. Now,

time is all that's left...

Detonation

The smell of flames and the smell of humanity melting away was throughout the entire world. The sky was black, smoke arose in the air, buildings were destroyed and crumbled, and trees and everything else living on this planet no longer existed. In flames. Cars were blown up and every human being on this planet were dead, killed by the detonation- the huge atomic bomb that ended the world. I was the only survivor of this all, I was all alone.

Honestly, I don't know how I survived that explosion. I was out in the open like everyone else was, I was supposed to die. But maybe, after all I was prosperous. There wasn't even any warning, except for a blinding light in the sky. When things began to blow up, I covered myself with my arms, but that didn't do anything to protect me. How did I live?

My name was Ashlyn Gregoletto and was 19 yrs., a female student at a college at Dover-Foxcroft, Maine. I lived with my mother and that was basically it.

I had waked up with a terrible headache. I was lying on the ground. The ground had broken glass everywhere on it. People were lying dead on the ground and everywhere all over the world. Their skin was melting, it was a horrible smell and sight. All I could remember was standing in line to see a movie with my boyfriend Jason. Next thing I knew, there was a blinding light in the black smoked air and then, BOOM!, the end of the world. The end of LIFE! Everything had been detonated. Why was I the only lucky one?

When I realized what had happened, I looked around and gasped. I saw Jason lying on the ground next to me, all bloody and melted. That's when I lost it. I began to cry-

Jason was dead. My world completely shattered. There was nothing left to live for in this world.

"Je-Jesus." I cried. I stood up and walked around town. With every movement, my right leg hurt. My leg felt stiff, hurt, and asleep. I had to drag it along with me as I walked. Blood. Blood onto the cracked, black cement ground. There was something stuck/jabbed in my right ankle, not my leg. Blood was on the bottom of my faded, torn, blue jeans. And just as I was about to stop walking, I tripped over something, twisted my ankle, and fell hard onto the ground.

To protect myself from my head smashing against the hard ground, I put my hands down flat on the ground. The shattered glass cut the palms of my hands. Bloody glass was now in my palms.

"Ow." I cried. My hands and body trembled as I carefully pulled the glass out and as I did, dark red blood oozed out onto my jeans. I groaned in pain and lifted up my right pant leg. Then, I took the piece of glass out of my leg. After that, I tried to stand up without using my hands. Again, I took a glance at everything surrounding me. Staring at everything was a disgrace.

The ground I once called my home is now a barren wasteland of what used to be Dover-Foxcroft, Maine. I figured that my birthplace Brunswick, Maine is in hell like this. In fact, the whole world was. Why was I the only one to live through this explosion?

For some reason, I figured that the world wouldn't go back to normal if I cried over it or not. Nothing could be changed. Years ago, I had heard people talk about the end of the world one day, so could this be it? I hope not because I'm scared and I'm not strong enough. I don't feel safe, I feel recluse and cold.

While I'm walking now, I remember that Trivium song

"DETONATION". It's kind of like what's happening now to me, but a little different. The song goes:

I walk down the road (in the middle of it). The palms of my hands hurt and are bloody. Pain is throbbing in my head, my right ankle and leg hurts, and I don't know what's in store for me. Is this my destiny? To live all alone in the world?

I stop when I come across a coffee shop that Jason and I used to go to. We met there three years ago. I had spilled coffee all over me and he helped me clean up.

I was sitting down at a table at the coffee shop. I was drinking my coffee. There were these little kids running around the place. One of them accidentally knocked into my table and my coffee cup fell over and the coffee fell onto my lap.

"Need some help?" some 17 yr old boy asked me.

"Sure." I said as I looked at him and smiled.

"I'm Jason," The boy said. "and 17." He got a few napkins and helped me clean myself up.

"I'm Ashlyn. I'm 17 too." I said. The moment I saw Jason and how cute he was, I knew that we were meant to be together.

I come back to reality and stare at the coffee shop. The place is an ignominy. The glass windows were shattered, the roof collapsed in, the whole entire brick building was crushed. I saw dead bodies inside, the non-lucky ones. One of the best moments ever. The coffee shop is gone. I thought.

When it becomes nighttime, I grow tired and decide that I want to sleep. I lie on the ground and try to sleep. I cut myself underneath the shattered glass. Even though I can't withstand the pain, I dealt with it. Maybe tomorrow will be

better.

During that night while I was sleeping, I had a dream. In my dream, whole world was still like it is now, only that Jason is here with me, but alive. I see him, he's standing on the other side of the street. I run over to him and see that his face is all cut up.

"I'm so glad you're alive! Everything is a nightmare!" I cry as I wrap my arms around him. He hugs me back before assuring me,

"Ashlyn, everything's going to be alright. At least we're here together."

"But what if you weren't here?" I ask Jason as I let go of him. Jason looks at me and states,

"You have to be strong."

I begin to cry as I tell him that I can't. That's when Jason fades away.

"No! Don't go! I need you!" I yell. "No!"

The very next morning when I woke up, there was a terrible stench of melted bodies. It was more than horrendous. I got up and began to walk. I suddenly tripped over something and I broke my right ankle. I fell to the ground, smashing the left side of my face against the cement that had shattered glass on it. The left side of my face was badly cut and blood gushed out, and luckily, no glass was jabbed into my face.

As soon as I touched the left side of my face, I flinched from the pain. Ow. I thought. That's when I realized that I had a hole in my jeans and a cut on my left leg was cut open. Badly cut open. I reached into my pocket and I was pleased to see that I still had black thread and a needle in my pocket.

I sat back down, rolled up my pant leg up to my knee

where the open cut was. I took the black thread and the needle and then, I tightened up and became nervous. This would hurt MORE than A LOT. I stitched up my open cut. Tears rolled down my face as I yelled out in pain while I stitched my cut. Too much pain.

Ten minutes later, I rolled down my pant leg and stopped crying. I literally told myself to pull myself together. What would Jason think if he was still alive with me? WHAT WOULD HE SAY?!

I cried again. One reason was because I want Jason back, the second reason is, I'm the only survivor, and the third reason is because my ankle is broken. Suddenly, there was another blinding light in the sky. The only sound drowning my cries is the detonation.

Mary, Mary, I Dare You to Say It

Ashley was just like everyone else. She was sixteen years old with a boyfriend and she was a cheerleader. Ashley was more than happy. She was a blond and nothing seemed to scare her, nothing. When her friends Wendy and Beth tried scaring her with a decapitated head, Ashley wasn't afraid. Her friends thought it was strange.

It was raining hard that night and there was also lightning. Ashley and her friends Wendy and Beth were over at her house for a slumber party. The three of them gathered around the coffee table that had soda and popcorn on it and talked for a while.

"You know Ashley, that boyfriend of yours is hot. I can't believe he likes you." Wendy said.

"We're perfect for each other. We have this chemistry that makes us together." Ashley replied. Beth started to eat some popcorn.

"Let's play Truth or Dare. We haven't done that in a long time." she suggested. Wendy and Ashley agreed to play it.

"Truth or dare Ashley?" Wendy asked Ashley.

"Dare, of course." Ashley stated fluffing her long blond hair.

Wendy and Beth stood outside the bathroom as Ashley entered the bathroom, shut the door, and turned off the lights. She walked over to the mirror. She took a deep swallow because she was kind of nervous. What if her friends were right? What if Blood Mary was really real? As Ashley spin around three times, she chanted,

"Bloody Mary, Bloody Mary, Bloody Mary..."

Ashley suddenly stopped spinning around and faced the mirror. She saw nothing in the mirror. It didn't work.

Suddenly the floor began to shake. Ashley became perplexed. Then she heard something wrong with the sink. When she turned on the sink, blood squirted out instead of water. Ashley's eyes became wide with fear and she struggled to turn on the lights. The lights wouldn't go on.

The bathroom door wouldn't open or budge. It had no lock on it, but the door was locked shut.

"Help!" cried Ashley. "Help me!"

"Are you okay?! What's happening?!" Wendy and Beth yelled, trying to open the door. Kicking it down wouldn't work either.

Ashley was now terrified. 'What's going on?' She thought. All of a sudden, the glass on the mirror broke as a grayish hand broke through it. The hand was holding a knife. The hand was connected to a arm and that's when Ashley watched in horror as a figure came out of the frame of the mirror. The figure was Bloody Mary!

"No! Someone help me!" Ashley cried in terror. Bloody Mary raised the knife at her. She had black eyes, long black hair, and no fingernails (just disgusting bloody flesh).

"Stay away! No!" screamed Ashley. There was so much fear in her eyes that it didn't stop Blood Mary from stabbing her ten times.

Wendy and Beth heard that there was now silence in the bathroom. After a minute passed, they were able to open the door and turn the lights on. Beth screamed and cringed at what she saw. There was Ashley, lying on the bathroom floor in a huge puddle of blood, and stabbed to death all over. Ashley's eyes were out of their sockets and hanging down her face in an obscene way that would make you sick. Written in blood on the mirror, it said:

MAR,Y MARY, I DARE YOU TO SAY IT

ASHLEY IS DEAD AND EVERYONE ELSE WHO SAYS IT WILL DIE

*LIKE HER
MARY, MARY...
I WILL GET YOU*

"I never knew it was real." Beth exclaimed. "I thought it was a joke."

"Oh my god!" Wendy yelled in fear. "Her eyes are hanging out!"

Wendy and Beth felt someone breathing down their backs. They both slowly turned around they were terrified to see Bloody Mary behind them.

"Ahh!!!" they screamed.

"I will get you." Bloody Mary smiled.

When Ashley's parents came home at midnight, they were disturbed to find Ashley dead the way she was (stabbed and her eyes hanging out) and Wendy and Beth had been ripped apart, limb from limb. Their fingernails and hearts were missing too.

"Mary, Mary,"

